THE REASON WHY.

BY MINERVA S. HANDY. It was Saturday afternoon, an hour after the time when the Globe Publishing Company closed its doors. The senior and junior partners remained behind to discuss some office changes-changes which were to go into effect the first of the year, now but two days distant. The business was to be extended, and it had always been a principle of the company that those already employed should be first in line for the new positions. An underclerkship was to be created, and the two boys under consideration for it were John Adams and Robert Mosler. John and Robert were both boys who had the appearance of success. Both were bright, both were anxious to rise, both

suit case and helping the toddling Dorothy as well. When they reached the first landing they stopped to rest. Their eyes traveled to two young men who, mounting the first flight of steps, had swung around the corner of the second. In an instant one of the young men came back and, addressing Mrs. Blake, inquired: "Are you going up?" To her replying "Yes." her suit case was taken from her and Dorothy was swung on the broad shoulder of the questioner. "How far?" was next asked. "All the way," replied Mrs. Blake.

Soon the three flights of stairs were below instead of above the trio. Dorothy's merry laugh rang through the deserted hallways, and in a short while Mrs. Blake reached the top landing. Here she found her wee maid sitting on the suit case, and the boy—vanished without even waiting for a word of thanks.

Mr. Blake was told the story of the boy who had lent a helping hand, or, to be more correct, the two helping hands. The inci-dent passed out of all their minds in the or next place.
On this particular Saturday both boys had excitement of reaching the depot. There Mrs. Blake called her husband's attention



been sent on missions which delayed them past the hour for the noonday closing. Not a word of grumble was heard as the order was given them, and while waiting for their return Mr. Blake and Mr. Atwood were talking over the qualities of both hove.

"John is certainly very faithful," said Mr. Blake. "He is always cheerful and good-natured; willing to stay over hours when he is requested, always willing to lend a hand at any work that must be done, whether it belongs to his department or pat."

"He is, indeed," responded Mr. Atwood; have noticed the same good quali-"but I have noticed the same good quanties in Robert. He is just as faithful as a boy could be, and has, in addition, the most fearless regard for truth. If a thing is done, even if it is not to his credit, he always stands up to the truth concerning it. I do like this in Robert."

"So do I." agreed Mr. Blake, "and hon-

esty is as valuable as it is rare. But admitting this, how are we to decide the question of this promotion. Both boys are

question of this promotion. Both boys are capable of filling it, and both need the extra pay, for I understand both are helping to support widowed mothers."

So the discussion went on. The boys were matched against each other, but at the end of an hour they were still in the position of boys on a see-saw. First Robert was up and John down; then in an in-

stant their positions were reversed.
"It's half-past one," said Mr. Blake—
"time for both boys to be back. I'll have time for both boys to be back. I'l have to leave their pay envelopes with you, At-wood, for the elevator has stopped, and I want to catch Mrs. Blake and Dorothy downstairs to save them the long climb up.

We're bound for Lakewood to stay over New Year." Saying which Mr. Blake arose from his desk and began putting things away pre-

paratory to leaving.

Meanwhile Mrs. Blake, with a suit case and the chubby three-year-old Dorothy, had reached the building to learn that the elevator had stopped running, and the only way to reach Mr. Blake's office was to way to reach Mr. Blake's office was to climb the four flights of stairs. Up they started, Mrs. Blake carrying the

"THEM TWO."

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CHAPTER VII. There are certain bits of gossip whose starting point no one ever really knows,

but it was supposed in the neighborhood of

Mrs. Burdette's that it was old Mr. Law-

rence's deaf housekeeper who first an-

nounced that Mr. Lawrence had been very

much taken with the orphan who was

called Maud and had a nose resembling

the Lawrence nose, and that he intended adopting her at once so as to have her in

the house to surprise his niece. Then the

talk, presumably emanating from the same

intelligent source, was to the effect that

Mr. Lawrence was determined to make it

all right with Mrs. Burdette when he rob-

bed her of the little girl with the soft

brown eyes and demure ways; that he stormed about his big house and denounced

Mrs. Burdette for making a child like that

a Lawrence-for all the world as if Rosy

belonged to the aristocratic Lawrence fam-

lly-wash dishes and sweep and clean rooms; that she must stop it immediately,

and poor Mrs. Burdette was in a tremor

of excitement as she diligently and daily

helped Rosy to scrub her little hands with

And the agitation of Kathy and the or-

"There's no telling which one of the stories is true, or how much of either,"

said Mrs. Burdette, "but I'm expecting that

old Mr. Lawrence to swoop down on us

"I kind of believe he's going to take you, Maud." said Kathy, as she and Maud were

out driving one morning, "and if he does this is how it'll turn out: you'll go up

there and be his daughter, and, oh, my,

'Proud!" echoed Maud, way down in her

but won't somebody get proud!"

some day when we're not thinking, and I feel certain that he'll carry one of you home, but which it'll be I can't say."

Written for The Star.

cornmeal.

phans was terrible.

John, for it means a good deal to us just now.

The day after New Year, when the Globe Publishing Company opened its offices for business, John Adams was called into Mr. "I wonder what's up." thought John,
"nothing disagreeable I hope, for I have
certainly tried to do everything right about

These fears were quieted the minute John entered the office. Mr. Blake shook him by the hand, saying as he did so, "John, I

want to congratulate you. You have been appointed to the position of underclerk, with a salary of \$10, just double what you are now receiving. Why do you suppose you got the promotion instead of Robert?

You were both in line for it."
"Indeed I do not know, sir," replied John,
"Robert is a tip-top fellow and worthy of the position I am sure."

"He is, John, and it was hard for us to decide which of you would win in the race, You did because of your thoughtfulness and dindness, queer qualities to aid a fellow in making a business success, you think, eh? Well, it is to this kindness, and helping a lady and little girl up the stairway Saturday, that you have your promotion today. That lady was my wife and the little girl my daughter. When I heard the stairway incident from them, and learned that you were the knight, I decided in favor of you instead of Robert. It may be sentiment, but I will take my chances that the boy who does a kindness without any hope of reward, will prove a good business investment as well." Here Mr. Atwood entered the office, and Mr. Blake, addressing him,

"Mr. Atwood, I present you to Mr. Adams, our new underclerk. His new post-

tion begins from today." blue eyes.
"Yes, she would," agreed Kathy, "but

> make you feel better? Do you still wish me to adopt your sister?"

nice," said Maud. "But I like him; I al-ways did. ever since I come here, and I always will: I liked him in the asylum before I come here. Rosy'll take me out driv"Of course she mill"

"Of course she will," said Kathy, "but what did Mr. Lawrence say that wasn't Maud answered in a whisper: "He said I

had the Lawrence backbone."
"That wasn't bad," said Kathy. "He

meant you had lots of spirit."
"I told him how awfully good Rosy was,"
continued the little girl boarder, "and that
she oughtn't to wash dishes and do Mrs. Burdette's work; that Henny Prater ought to do it, and that I wouldn't: I was going to be her daughter, because I know from what people are saying that if Mr. Law-rence takes Rosy he will give Mrs. Bur-dette lots of money to make it all right, I'll dust the parior and that's all I'll do I dust the parler and that's all I'll do. I love to dust the parler. And I'm going to beg her to buy a piano that isn't like an old tin pan. Kathy, you tell her that her piano isn't fit for boarders."

"Rosy," said Maud a half-hour later, as the two of them sat in the swing, "I've been up to see Mr. Lawrence and I think he'll choose you, Kathy, and I both want him to choose you."
"Oh!" cried Rosy.

"Oh!" cried Rosy.

"You'll have an awful good time, Rosy," said the little sister, "and you'll never, never forget me; you're not the kind of girl to change." She put her hand in Rosy's lap and began to cry. "I did want the beautiful mamma so much," she said, "but Mrs. Burdette'll do, and you must come to see me often, whenever he'll let you, because it's just you that'll have to make me good till. just you that'll have to make me good till I'm grown to be a woman; Kathy says

"Oh!" said Rosy again. The little girl help was not permitted to hurt her hands at this time, so mortally afraid was Mrs. Burdette of the censure of her great neighbor, but she did not feel at her great neighbor, but she did not feel at liberty to go away from the work until the arrival of her Sunday off, and with it Mary Ann, ready for a walk. Maud was somewhere with Kathy and Rosy and Mary Ann started out together.

Beyond the sight of the house, on the public road, Rosy said to her friend: "Mary Ann you"ll have to go walking by yourself

Ann, you'll have to go walking by yourself today; I've got to go somewhere."
"I declare!" cried Mary Ann.
can't I go, too?" "I got to go alone," said Rosy, kindly but firmly. "Perhaps some day I'll ten you about it. Good-bye, Mary Ann."

"Good-bye!" said Mary Ann, discomitt-"You mustn't sneak after me, Mary Ann," said Rosy. "I'd like to see you go

"I was goin' walkin' in this direction," said Mary Ann. "I must say you ain't very polite to your comp'ny."
"Mary Ann," said Rosy, persuasively, "ir you go back, on my honor, I'll tell you about it some day."

"Where you went and what for?" questioned Mary Ann. The brown head nodded. "Cross your heart," said Mary Ann, "this

way.' Rosy made the mystic sign and Mary An heaved a sigh and turned back.

Then very bravely the little girl help went on, in at Mr. Lawrence's gate, up on the porch. Her heart thumped as she stood

there, ringing the bell.

The deaf housekeeper did not hear the bell, but Mr. Lawrence had noticed the approach of the small visitor and himself opened the door. "Some more Lawrence backbone," he thought, as, with a twinkle in his keen eyes he said "Come in!"

Like Maud, Rosy came away from the great house thinking that she had conquered the old gentleman to her way of think-ing, and that he was sure and certain to adopt her pretty little sister.

Maud had said: "Our grandfather was a

professor and our father was a gentleman and our mother was a lady, and Rosy ought to be a lady, too, and I just will be a lady even down at Mrs. Burdette's." Rosy said: "I don't mind working a bit, only I wish I knew how; but Maud doesn't like to work, and I don't want her to, and nobody in the world would suit you better, Mr. Lawrence. Her grandfather was a professor and her father was a gentleman and her mother was a lady, and Maud's

proud."
"And all these great people belong to you also, don't they?" asked the ogre, sottly. "Aren't you proud, too?
"I'm proud for my little sister," said Rosy.

Then Mr. Lawrence painted that picture to Rosy that Kathy had painted to Maud, even more vividly, watching her narrowly all the way through. "If I take her I will give her the best of advantages," he said, "the best of educations, foreign travel, when she's older. Don't you know, little girl, that if your sister comes to me, the two of you will be separated? I think she knows it. You sit there and think about it while I run my eye over this newspaper."
"Now." said he, looking up from the paper and down at the little girl help, "possibly I won't take either of you. Doesn't that

to adopt your sister?" in front of a man. She was saying "Yes, Rosy nodded, though tears were in her sir," confusedly to his questions, hardly

knowing their nature, only that they were about the little girls, and that, of course, he was going to do exactly what he pleased. She adjusted all four of the parior blinds and then seated herself to hear the talk to the end, whatever the end might be.

But the agitation of Mrs. Burdette before the talk was nothing to her agitation after it when she actually came out of the parlor walking in front of a man, so eager was she to get to Kathy to ask her please to help her to see that Rosy and Maud were all right. "He wants to carry them along with him," she said.

"Is he going to take his pick up at his house?" asked Kathy, pale to the lips.

Maud started to say, "I won't go," and Rosy's face assumed a decided air, but the ogre said pleasantly: "They'll do, Mrs. Burdette," and took a hand of each in such a masterful way that they could do nothing but start off with him, not even giving Kathy good-bye.

"Oh," said Mrs. Burdette, turning to Kathy, "never talk to me of fairy tales; I've been listening to a bigger one than Jack and his bean, and every word of it true. Mind you, they belong to his family. That professor was his own brother and he's their own great uncle, and the niece who's coming to live with him is the identical party who carried the two of them to the asylum. Well, I certainly am glad he's made up his mind to be friends with his

the asylum. Well, I certainly am glad he's made up his mind to be friends with his

"And that 'them two's' his people," said Kathy, her eyes wide with excitement. And "them two" were climbing the hill to their future home. On the morrow their aunt would be with them—a beautiful mamma they would find her, of course. Kathy had helped to do it. She felt proud

Who Sent the Valentine?

BY E. BAXTER

"I hate brothers!" cried little Phoebe angrily, glaring over her cocoa cup with shining eyes and flushed cheeks at a boy of nine. The boy was pulling out his mother's chair for her and sullenly avoiding his sister's look.

Phoebe and Peter had quarreled seriously that morning. The children often quarreled, although they really loved each other very much. A month before Peter had sprained his ankle while skating and then Phoebe was the best little nurse that any sister could be, and when she went away to see her grandmother Peter could hardly wait for her return home.

Now, however, as they sat at luncheon they did not look as though they enjoyed being together. There was a pause. Phoebe turned away from Peter and said: "Mother when is St. Valentine's day this

"It is always on the 14th; that will be next Monday, will it not?" answered her

"Next Monday-and today is Wednesday! Oh, I do hope I will get a real valentine this year!" cried little Phoebe excitedly. 'By real valentines I mean those that are made for me by some of the children who paint or write them all by themselves, Perhaps I will get a real one this year! Oh, 1 hope so!"

St. Valentine's day seemed to the children yery slow in coming this year. The quarrel between Peter and Phoebe made the rest of the week miserable for them both. Neither would speak until the other had begged pardon, and both were too proud to admit being partly in fault. When the day before St. Valentine's came Phoebe was quite tired of the quarrel, and Peter felt as if he could not bear it any "It was all my fault," he thought on his

way upstairs after lunch. "If I could only show her that I am sorry without speaking—I know what I will do!" he exclaimed suddenly; and he ran up the stairs to his

That evening from the nursery window Phoebe saw Peter run down to the mail box at the corner of the block. At supper he looked quite cheerful, but said nothing as usual.

The next morning Phoebe went down to breakfast feeling very unhappy about the quarrel, but unable to make it up. "Since he will not ask my pardon when it was really his fault, why should I try to make it up? We shall just go on quarreling and perhaps never speak to each other again for ever and ever!" thought the little girl. As she went into the dining room she was trying hard not to cry. But at her place she stood still and uttered a cry of delight. There lay a big white envelope with rosebuds painted on it.
"A valentine! A valentine!" she cried,

waving it so her father and mother could "Yes, dear," answered her mother smiling.

"Open it and see if you can tell where it omes from."
Phoebe tore open the envelope and drew out the valentine. In the center was drawn the head of a

little girl with yellow curls, big blue eyes and very pink cheeks. It looked as though the child who made it had drawn it from a doll. Around the head in a circle pasted blue forget-me-nots which had evidently been cut from an old seed catalogu It was the biggest and most ambitious val-entine Phoebe had ever received; below was written a little verse.
"Isn't it lovely?" she cried, delighted.

"And see the poetry—not printed, but writ-ten with pen and ink, so some one really wrote it just for me! Let me read it to

And she read:

"This verse is an apology,
To beg forgiveness, dear Phoebe,
For all the fault was mine.
We have not spoken for a week.
It makes me wretched not to spea
For you're my valentine."

"What does all that about not speaking for a week mean?" asked her father, laughing, as she finished reading.
"Do you know who sent it, dear?" inquired her mother.

guired her mother. But Phoebe did not look surprised. "It's the best valentine I ever had," she said without answering.

A few minutes later when she and Peter left the dining room together she touched his arm and said softly: "Peter, I am very

nervously behind him into the parlor. Never in her life had Mrs. Burdette walked

TO" BE

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

WITH SOLUTION OF CHAP. III

SOLUTION OF CHAPTER IL

Granny lived some distance from

the cottage, and the way to het

Red Riding Hood's mother did

not think of there being any dan-

ger for her little daughter in send

ing her alone on such an errand.

For years not a wolf had been seen

with an easy mind, and the child

walked along singing her favorite

song, she felt so happy and de-

lighted at the thought of seeing

yes. "She won't forget me in her heart,"

the said, "and it's awful nice to have ad

vantages, and I'm sure your niece will love

"Yes, my niece will love her dearly," said the old gentleman, and Rosy did not feel the need to tell him that she was quite de-termined to remain with Mrs. Burdette. She

rose, made a funny little bow and was

One evening at dusk Mr. Lawrence walk-

ed in upon Mrs. Burdette, saying he wished

to have a talk with her, and she walked

So she sent Red Riding Hood off

near the place.

Granny once more

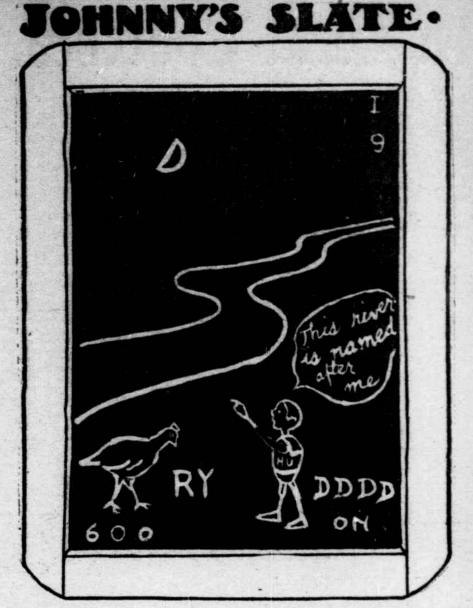
ner dearly."

home led through the wood.

MY GOOD OLD NURSE.



This is my old nurse, Christine, The best old soul you've ever seen! While I lie here and dream a dream one nums a hymn and sews a seam.

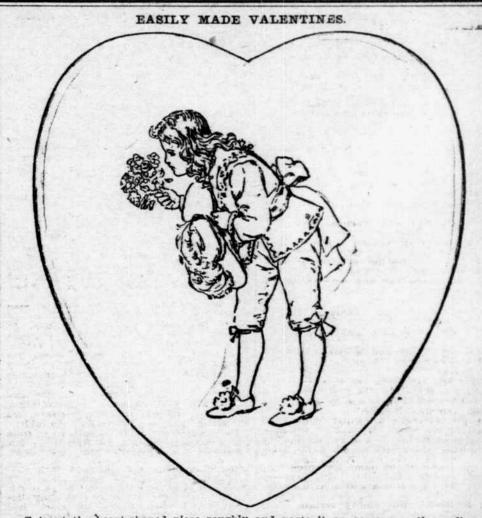


"Johnny Jones, what under the sun is that on your slate?" cried the children one day at the

"Let us see it, Johnny," said teacher. John turned his slate so that all could see

"The picture represents," he said, solemnly, "the name of a famous explorer, the vessel he sailed in and the name and date of his wonderful discovery."

Teacher and the children puzzled over it for some time, and finally one bright boy cried out that he knew, then another and another. Can you guess?



Cut out the heart-shaped plece roughly and paste it on some smooth cardboard. Then cut the card evenly on heart shape, color the picture and write or print on the back this little verse:

Take my heart, dear little lady, Round it let .hy love entwine. Thou art sweeter than these posies Let me be thy valentine.

sorry I was so silly and cross last week;

you mustn't say it was your fault because it wasn't." And so they kissed and made friends again; for Phoebe knew who sent the val-

St. Valentine's Day. A pretty way of celebrating St. Valen-

tine's day still observed in some English villages is called Valentining. The children gather in a little band early in the morning and go from house to house singing some little chorus, like,

"Good morrow to you, Valentine! Curl your locks as I do mine, Two before and three behind. Good morrow to you, Valentine!"

The youngsters receive with dancing glee the little gifts, pennies or candies, which were tossed to them from the window. Children of Norfolk "catch" their valentines by being first to say "Good morning, Valentine," to any person appearing. This they must succeed in doing before the sun rises, or they are "sunburnt" and entitled to no reward.

A successful teacher has an amusing col-A successful teacher has an amusing col-

lection of the odd offerings made by her pupils, among which there is a choice assortment of valentines. She has encouraged the children to attempt simple verses, thinking this helped them in their composition work. tion work. One boy writes: "My dear teacher, I won't whiss Per agen if youl give me one nice kiss."

It may be observed that his teacher had evidently neglected to pay the proper attention to spelling.

Another child pleasantly varied the old

"The rose is red, the violet's blue, That's one line, and this is two. I love you much, I love you more. That was three, and this is four." More affection was shown in the offering of a small boy who wrote:

"I love you more than other folks, More than twelve times twelfthy more. The multiplication table doesn't go As far as I you adore."

The first person in America to make for sale fancy valentines was a young girl, Miss Esther Howland, who was graduated from Mount Holyoke Seminary in 1849. Esther wanted to do something to earn money. Her father was a stationer, and in this year added to his stock a few imported valentines. They were very expensive and the first ever seen in Worcester, where Esther lived. The girl thought that she could make even prettier ones than the love missives which had come across the sea. Although she had scarcely any suitable material with which to work, she fashioned some valentines that her parents and friends thought attractive and artistic. Esther cut these first valentines from fancy envelopes and pasted them on an ordinary piece of paper. This answered for lace work. She then added colored pictures from her father's as-sortment, scalloped the edges of the sheet, and one of her brothers who was an accorplished penman inscribed love verses. Taking two or three dozen of these valentines as samples another brother went to Boston and New York to see if he could get orders for next season's trade. In two or three weeks he had orders for several thousand dollars' worth of them. They kept Esther busy for the entire year.

Automatic Billiards.

A gentleman writing from Germany says he saw an automatic billiard table which was a novelty to him. By dropping a small coin into a slot the balls were produced automatically from hidden pockets, and at the end of fifteen minutes they disappear. the end of fifteen minutes they disappear. This arrangement does away with a waiter and assures the landlord that a true account of the time spent in playing the game as well as the proper pay for it. The table is intended for use by young people, but its success is so great that soon such a device will be used wherever villards is played.

Street Names in Mexico. As so many of the Indians cannot read

the streets in Mexico are named after birds or beasts. The name of the street appears in Spanish letters, but this is followed by the figure of the creature after which the street is named. For instance, Ox street is indicated by a figure of an ox in plaster or painted on a wall. The street of Flamingo presents the tall fla-mingo with back of flery red, and Ele-phant street has a well-molded figure of that animal with enormous tusks and trunk. this custom is a very useful one, for the youngest child can thus find its way home. Even the sheep of little Bo-Peep might have saved their mistress an endless amount of worry had this custom of naming the streets been the fashion in Mother Goose land, as it is in Mexico Mexico.



I've something to do with a motion;
I'm precious, although so very small;
Yet nobody likes to be me—
They'd rather be nothing at all.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in comrade, but never in lover;
My second's in cunning, but not in discover;
My third is in simper, but never in smile;
My fourth is in fashion, but never in style;
My fifth is in dainty, and also in kind;
My whole is a boy whom, they say, is quite blind. DROP-VOWEL VALENTINE.

S-ng - s-ng -f v-l-nt-n-s, my h--rt - s-nd t-F--r -nd tw-nty c-nt-r--s w-ll f-nd m--vr OMITTED RHYMES. All the omitted words rhyme with the first omitted word.

Oh, do be ---, sweet valen---,
As truly, truly, I am ---,
If you de---, sad I shall ---,
And have no appetite to ---

WORD SQUARE.

1. To fall. 2. To wander in mind. 3. Above DIAMOND.

1. A consonant in "hatchet." 2. A large ser-pent. 3. A vehicle. 4. One. 5. A consonant in "hatchet."



NUMERICAL ENIGMA. WORD SQUARE, 1. CAGE, 2. ABEL, 3. GETS, 4. ELSE PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ADDITIONS.
2. Help-less. 3. West-ward. 1. Par-take. CHARADE

DIAMOND

Battle of Monmouth; Moll Pitcher; 1778,

"Yes; I've been thinking it over," said Kathy, disconsolately, "and I don't know but what I'd better have left well enough alone or hunted a home for you where you'd be treated different. Of course, you'll have a pony and everything else you want, your little woolly dog and everything. You'll learn to play on the plane, beautifully, because you have talent; and when you're bigger you'll be sent off to a fashionable boarding school. For Mr. Lawrence to have one of you as his daughter and Mrs. Burdette to have the other one as cook—for that's what Roey'll grow to bewhy, nothing could separate you more. You'll quit visiting Mrs. Burdette's to see Rosy just as soon as you realize the difference."

"If Rosy was up at Mr. Lawrence's she'd the great house and watched the little gir! boarder go in, her proud head in the air, her arms bare and sunburned, her hair a mass of riotous curls.

"No matter what happens I'm worried, said Kathy to herself. "Poor little soul!" and this time she meant Maud.

"I think be'll do it," said Maud. coming out and jumping into the bagy. "He iried to make me mad about the lawrence nose again, but I told him that I knew it was a Lawrence nose and that I didn't care, and anyway, ladies' noses don't grow as big as men's. I fold him I was going to stay at Mrs. Burdette's and that he could take Rosy or leave her; that I wasn't going to washamed of my own sister."

"What'd he say to that?" inquired Kathy. "He said something that wasn't very

come to see me," said Maud, blinking her

"Yes, she would," repeated Kathy,
"Rosy's not the kind of girl to change."
"I'd tell Mrs. Burdette I wouldn't be her ook, I'd be her daughter," said Maud, her

Kathy laughed, "You'd be Mrs. Bur dett's daughter all right," she said, "and she'd hire Henny Prater to take Rosy's First I wanted Mr. Lawrence to you, now I wish, for your sake as well as Rosy's, that he'd choose Rosy, be-It isn't a bit nice to grow up into a proud woman who's got good looks and

Maud winced. "Maybe the niece is real nice," she said. "Maybe I wouldn't grow up like that."

"The niece might not let him," said Maud. "He was mighty pleased when you covered up your nose and said it wasn't a Lawrence nose," said Kathy. "That's the way he'd like to have you act all the time." "But it is a Lawrence nose," said Maud. "It's a little Lawrence nose. I've been

"I know she does," said Kathy. "Poor little soul!" Something in the way Kathy said "Poor little soul!" set Maud to thinking hard. In imagination she saw things as Kathy put them, and she positively hated the tail good-looking young woman with the flow-

see him?"
"To find out which one of you he's going

Kathy drove the old horse to the gate of the great house and watched the little girl boarder go in, her proud head in the air, her arms bare and sunburned, her hair a

Rosy's different." "She'd come to see me and teach me everything she knew. She'd take me riding in her pony carriage and let her little wool-

lue eyes flashing.

"I'm afraid you would," said Kathy, "I believe nobody in this world will ever have any real good influence over you but Rosy; not till you're grown, anyway. The gentleman would spoil you to death.

looking at it in the glass. Kathy, Rosy wants him to take me."

ing trains who would have nothing to do with that "poor little soul" who was Mrs. Burdette's cook. "Kathy," she said suddenly, "will you drive to Mr. Lawrence and let me go in and

to take?" questioned Kathy.
"I love my sister." said Maud. "I'm going to tell him to take her, I'm going to tell him that I intend to stay with Mrs.